



"If we knew that at midnight, the waters of the Mississippi would suddenly cover our land from Appalachians to the Rockies; or that an earthquake would cleave our continent, and the tide-waters of the sea engulf us, there is little or nothing we could do. *You can't prepare for chaos.* The only thing you can do is to live and work, to plan ahead on the basis of ultimate victory of our arms, and our capacity to meet social and financial problems as they may arise."—PAUL SPEICHER, President, Insurance Research & Review.



For those who will not be *Mentally Marooned*

WORLD WEEK

We are just beginning, in this country, to experience the first pinch of manpower shortage. The condition will grow progressively acute as armed forces call more and more men. It is reflected now in want-ad columns; in "Help Wanted" placards displayed by retail shops, restaurants. Already, there are serious shortages in skilled labor. Example: for every boat assembler, 94 are needed; for every tool-maker, 31 are needed. Vocational Defense training program has task of fitting at least five million for new skilled occupations by mid-1943.

Draft boards are caught in squeeze between call for soldiers and pleas of industry to spare workers. Result is great confusion; lack of uniformity. Some boards, under pressure, make foolish decisions. Example: rural boards, in face of threatened food shortage, are drafting family farmers who work hundreds of acres.

Sometime soon War Dep't and industry must get together or we may repeat war production blunder. There we set up more plant capacity than we could feed. Here, we may have more men under arms than industry and agriculture can service adequately. Industry estimates, conservatively, that by next year 17,500,000 will be needed to keep wheels turning. Deducting the under-and over-age groups, ill and afflicted, farmers and others in essential service occupations, it means, bluntly, that one out of every three adults will have to go into shop or factory, in some capacity. QUOTE pointed this out months ago. It needs repetition.

One obvious conclusion: women are destined to play a far more active role in industry than they now realize. Chief of Labor Dep't children's bureau estimated this week that 4,500,000 women will be in war industries by year's end. But real squeeze will not come until next year. We foresee many plants following Consolidated Aircraft lead, setting up nurseries so mothers can work. Women truck and taxi drivers already in evidence. Ogden, Utah is about to employ them to operate streetcars, buses.

Seems fairly certain we shall presently have to follow England's example, register and perhaps draft our women. England now uses women up to 60 in industry, drafts girls and younger women for active war service. (Last week, English women faced biggest draft of war, taking in classes 20-22 yrs of age.)

RUSSIA: Subscribers who read our survey of Aug. 3 will have a rather clear idea of what Nazis are attempting. Immediate objective (and it is getting pretty imperative) is to stabilize line for the winter. They have yet to occupy a city with adequate facilities for Headquarters. (Fall of Stalingrad is probable, but will doubtless be pretty well demolished.) Whether counter-attacks northwest of Moscow will relieve pressure in south remains to be seen. We anticipated this attack. Also expect Timoshenko's forces to give fierce battle, and perhaps something approaching counter-attack in

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prophecies . . .

BLACK MARKET: Despite whitewash efforts, OPA investigation proves Higgins contention that steel can be had "at a price." Public pressure will force further probe.

AFRICA: We are on the eve of significant action. Renewed fighting in Egypt at any moment. Watch Dakar.

YOUTH DRAFT: We said months ago that 18-20 yr olds would be called after election. This idea now so generally accepted, and pressure so great, action may come before election.

NEW YORK: Entry of Labor candidate makes Republican nominee Dewey almost certain victor, and New York's next Governor.

south. Again, this winter, Russians will not let enemy rest, recuperate. Air attacks by Britain, U S may be expected to disrupt supply lines. No sense discounting Russian difficulties, dangers, but it won't be easy winter for Hitler, either.

SOLOMON ISLANDS: As anticipated, Japs are back again. Presence of enemy battleships and transports strengthens belief that this is pretty earnest effort by Japs to regain lost ground. If enemy losses are heavy as early reports indicate, it may mean U S gradually gaining naval superiority in that sector of Pacific. Again, we counsel caution. And don't believe *all* you read. Conclusion that we have Japs on run is still unwarranted. Jap landing on tip of New Guinea is to be watched closely.

CHINA: We are heartened, as Chinese themselves must be, by excellent showing of past few weeks. If they take Chuhsien, as they well may do by time you read these lines, allied forces will command China's largest airfield, and potential base to bomb Japan.

BRAZIL: War entry gives United Nations, geographical edge in curbing U-boats, surface raiders, controlling South Atlantic, providing we are in position to carry out offensive operations.

. . . —Another of those "largest convoys" and they'll have to start a second front for room to move.

Harold G. [Signature]

Publisher.

Quote

"He Who Never Quotes, is Never Quoted"—Charles Haddon Spurgeon

"Too many (women) are here for other than a serious purpose."—H. OLIVER WEST, Exec V-P, Boeing Aircraft, admitting some disappointment in attitude and output of women workers.

"The American army uniform should not be made a cover for anybody's ambitions."—HENRY L. STIMSON, Sec'y of War, commenting on report that socialites have been shown preference in awarding commissions.

"Women are more daring than men. They will observe the high traditions."—JOSEPHUS DANIELS, former Sec'y of Navy, in a letter of encouragement to WAVES of World War II.

"We are not in the business of exciting hatred. . . . There is a clear difference between the hatred of persons and the hatred of evil."—ARCHIBALD MACLEISH, Director, OFF.

"English dictionaries will become more important to us in the future."—Admiral NOMURA, former Japanese Ambassador to U. S. arriving in Japan loaded down with three huge American dictionaries.

"We can't fight this war with one eye on the flag and the other on our pocketbook"—CLAUDE R. WICKARD, Sec'y of Agriculture.

"The legions of the enemy march still as conquerors, in Russia, on the Mediterranean, in Asia. We have made our excuses, said we were unprepared, said that democracies move slowly. Do democracies move slowly to their death?"—FRANCIS J. BIDDLE, Att'y-Gen'l, addressing American Bar Ass'n.

"May we
Quote
you on that?"

"The girls dance for five or six hours without leaving the floor. A 16-year-old boy moves around the dance floor with a towel for them to wipe their faces."—Mrs. EDW. G. ROBINSON, wife of the film star, describing USO-sponsored dance for soldiers at California desert army camp.

"Civilization, like the Liberty Bell, is cracked."—REV FRANKLIN DUNCOMBE, Philadelphia minister.

"The difference between an enlisted man and an aviation cadet is that the cadet is training to become a gentleman."—Air Force officer.

"If every girl who kisses a soldier is going to be locked up, this is going to be a mighty dull war."—Soldier in Macon, Ga, court, arrested on charge of "disorderly conduct" when he was observed kissing a girl goodnight. Judge dismissed the case.

"Don't be misled by the British tendency to be soft spoken and polite. . . . They can be plenty tough. The English language didn't spread across the oceans, over the mountains and jungles of the world, because these people were panty-waists."—The U. S. War Dep't Manual for American Soldiers in Great Britain.

"Already thousands of American girls face spinsterhood and loneliness because of the shortage of marriageable men . . . Please do all you can to discourage marriages between U. S. soldiers and Australian girls."—MARILYN RENNER, of Iowa, in a letter to *Sydney Telegraph*. Comment of an Australian lass: "Sounds like one of those old maids with roses round the door and a black cat. Apparently she hasn't heard that men and women marry for love and not just to avoid frustration." From an Iowa private, now in Australia: "Iowa girls sure seem anxious to get themselves husbands. They weren't so anxious to marry us back in the depression, when we were out of work. Maybe a bit of competition from Australia will wake them up."

"We are pledged to fight for Egypt and the Nile valley as if it were the soil of England."—WINSTON CHURCHILL, on a recent visit to Cairo.

"Preachers today must give their people more than current events."—Dr. E. M. POPPEN, president, American Lutheran Church.

"Our production rate shot up immediately in the department where we used a large percentage of women. We'd like at least 50 per cent women, and I believe that after the war many of them will stay on."—HARRY WOODHEAD, V. P., Vultee Aircraft.

"The practice of stabilizing prices and restricting production has resulted in the present crucial shortage in all the basic materials we need to win the war." — THURMAN ARNOLD, Asst. Att'y-General, speaking at Northwestern U.

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Useless Words?

By LELAND STOWE

Sometimes it seems that words are as futile as an aviator's skywriting traced across the heavens on a windy day. How can one hope to make you see and feel the sacrifices, suffering and death which the Russian people still bravely endure as the German invasion enters its 14th month?

There is no patch of soil on the entire American continent where your sons, brothers, fathers or those of the vast majority of your neighbors are fighting, bleeding, dying. There is no 2000-mile battle front slicing through the heart of your country—say from Boston to San Antonio, Tex. How can I hope to portray what this means to millions upon millions of Russians?

Here, for 13 terrible, desperate months, 10,000,000 or 12,000,000 or more Russian men have fought without respite—and still fight. Here some 4,000,000 Russians have died or suffered wounds or have vanished among the missing.

Supposing in the United States and Canada we today had losses of one dead or wounded for each 30 adults. Can you possibly conceive what sacrifices in lives and wrecked bodies all America would now be feeling?

Can you somehow imagine this kind of an America, with 10 months of mortal combat on its home soil already endured—and an unpredictable number of equally ravaging death-strewn months yet to be borne, one after another? Can you picture scores of millions of people facing this, enduring this, and yet saying: "We shall never yield. We shall fight until victory?"

No, that perhaps is asking too much. Human beings can never really conceive the cost, until the war strikes their own homes and every slightest aspect of their daily lives.

These words of mine are almost useless, I know. They will vanish like words of smoke in a wind-blown sky.—Condensed from a Moscow dispatch to the *Chicago Daily News*.

ADVICE

Top executives might well take a leaf out of U S Supreme Court's procedure. When its members meet to decide a case which has been argued before it the Chief Justice calls on the newest member to speak first and the others in order of their length of service. Too often at conferences of corporation executives the president or chairman first expresses his view, his conclusions before calling upon his lieutenants. Naturally, junior executives hesitate to disagree with their superiors. Thus what might prove sound advice is liable to be lost.—B. C. FORBES, *Forbes*, 8-15-42.

ARMY—Placements

I am a Southern Democrat, so they made me chaplain of a negro regiment encamped on the Republican river. I preach the turning of the other cheek, so they put Joe Louis in my outfit. I preach deliverance to the captives, so they put me in charge of all the prisoners in the fort.—Chaplain D. E. EABHARDT, CRTG, Ft Riley, Kans.

AVIATION—Wartime

Achievement

The title of "Obywatel Honorawy Miasta Bremen" (Freeman of the city of Bremen) was conferred on a Polish bomber pilot after a recent RAF raid on Bremen. According to a Polish custom, if a man has "visited" a German city three times he is entitled to the "freedom" of that city.—*The (London) Times*, 7-8-42.

CAPITALISM—Communist

Conception

John Scott, author of *Behind the Urals*, met the girl who was to become his wife in the steel city of Magnitogorsk. That night Masha wrote in her diary:

"The first American I have ever seen, he looked like a homeless boy. I saw in him the product of capitalist oppression. I saw in my mind's eye his sad childhood; I imagined the long hours of inhuman labor which he had been forced to perform in some capitalist factory while still a boy; I imagined the shamefully low wages he had received, only sufficient to buy enough bread so that he could go to work the next day; I imagined his fear of losing even this pittance and being thrown in the streets unemployed in case he was unable to do his work to the satisfaction and profit of his parasitic bosses."—*The N. Y. Times*, book review sec. 8-9-42.



Where Will They Live?—1,600,000 war workers on move in next 11 mos—and not enough housing. Situation complicated by material shortages.

HENRY M. PROPPER outlines problem and obstacles in *Survey Graphic* (8-42). Somehow, 670,000 living units must be completed by June, 1943; located to conserve fires, utilize water and sewer connections. Emphasis on hostels for individuals; 2-person families. One bath for 8-10 persons. ("Total War Hits Housing").

" "

"We dare you to read this article!" challenges *Coronet* (8-42). "Death Takes No Holiday" by MICHAEL EVANS, is the industrial counterpart of the famous eye-opener on automobile accidents, "—And Sudden Death," which appeared some years ago. The horror and scope of accidents in industry are painted in grisly detail. Stella was working an overtime shift; it was chilly in the plant, so against all rules, she put on a long-sleeved sweater. Now she lay unconscious; her arm wrenched from the socket in the stamping machine. "Blood and cartilage, fatty tissue and white bone splintered like a burst persimmon." Death is reaping a grim harvest week after week. Why? Because America is complacent toward death on the home front. The article concludes with three not-to-be-forgotten rules of safety, but Mr. Evans' all-inclusive answer to the problem is "just use common sense!"

" "

Speakers Peeve —"After nearly 50 years of suffering on the public stage, I feel like leaving as my epitaph, *Died of the Deadly Preliminaries*," writes CHARLES M. SHELTON in *The Rotarian* (9-42). The grocer "opens up" at 8 sharp, Jack Benny comes on at 6 CWT, then why do programs run from 1 to 2 hrs behind schedule? With pointed humor, author notes time after case when prolonged preliminaries literally eliminated the main speaker from the program. (Down with the Deadly Preliminaries.)

CENSORSHIP

After an hour's fruitless investigation of a union walkout at an ordnance plant, a newspaper reporter returned and wrote up this illuminating article for the *McGregor* (Tex) *Mirror*:

We have been informed that (censored) electricians left the Bluebonnet ordnance job this week because they didn't get enough (censored) per hour. Personally, we don't know whether they sit around in the (censored) all day or work like (censored), but just as soon as we can find out what the cause was we'll let you know. Don't worry a (censored) bit.

Latex Lyric

(With obvious apologies)

I think that I shall never see
A tire unsired by a tree,
A tube without a patch or hole
Whose ancestry is Thiokol,
Or heels to ease pedestrian stress
Well wrought from good old
Buna-S.
Our streets with grass will soon
be green,
While Congress argues butadiene.
To dream of tires made from Butyl,
Is pleasant, but it's also futile.
Let's rubber seize from Japanese,
Not vainly wait for RFC's.
—*The United States News*, 8-14-'42.

DEMOCRACY—Strength

Not one democracy has been overthrown by anti-democratic forces from within. Not one has succumbed to internal weakness.—GUSTAV STOLPER, *Age of Fable*, (Reynal & Hitchcock, \$3).

EDUCATION—For the Future

Many young people are wondering whether or not to start for college this fall. Shall they go?

Some parents are saying, "What is the use? What kind of education would be useful to these children after this war? How do we know that we are teaching them the right things?"

When did anybody know what sort of life the next generation would live? When was the future really secure for anybody? Who ever was so wise as to know what a boy or a girl would need to know in the years to come?

Life is uncertain, insecure, in war and in peace. The best we can do is to prepare to be intelligent about its ways, prepare to be useful in whatever situation arises, and a good col-

Trial By Jury

Although The Just and The Unjust (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50) is the story of a murder trial, it is not the typical courtroom mystery melodrama. On the contrary, the wheels of justice move inexorably toward conviction without the surprise appearance of a long-sought witness or the last-minute confession of a conscience-stricken slayer. JAMES GOULD COZZENS writes with almost photographic precision of the inner workings of judicial procedure. Childerstown might be any small community forced to claim the debt owed to it by men who chose to do murder within its jurisdiction. Martin Bunting could well be the man your vote helped put in the district attorney's office; and his assistant, Abner Coates, your neighbor. If Law itself is not the hero of this novel, then the hero is the people—politicians, lawyers, judges, newspapermen, struggling with their problems in and out of court, ever alert to the progress of the trial.

Disappointed that the jury did not return the exact verdict requested by the District Attorney in his summary, Abner Coates discusses the outcome with his father, former judge on the Childerstown bench:

Judge Coates said, "A jury has its uses. . . It's like—" he paused. "It's like a cylinder head gasket. Between two things that don't give any, you have to have something that does give a little, something to seal the law to the facts. There isn't any known way to legislate with an allowance for right feeling. . . . Justice is an inexact science. As a matter of fact, a judge is greatly in a jury's debt."

"I don't follow," Abner said.

"The ancient conflict between liberty and authority. The jury protects the Court. It's a question of how long any system of courts could last in a free country if judges found the verdicts. It doesn't matter how wise and experienced the judges may be. Resentment didn't go with current notions or prejudices. Pretty soon half the community would want to lynch the judge. There's no focal point with the jury; the jury is the public itself. That's why a jury can say when a judge couldn't, 'I don't care what the law is,

that isn't right and I won't do it.' It's the greatest prerogative of free men. They have to have a way of saying that and making it stand. They may be wrong, they may refuse to do the things they ought to do; but freedom just to be wise and good isn't any freedom. We pay a price for lay participation in the law; but it's a necessary expense."

"You mean," said Abner, "that in order to show he's free, a man shouldn't obey the laws?"

"A free man always has been and always will be the one to decide what he'd better do," Judge Coates said. "Entrapment is perfectly legal. The law lets you arrange an opportunity for a suspected thief to steal so that you can catch him. I don't think right feeling can ever stoop to it. Compounding a felony is an indictable offense; but a man feels, just the same, that he has a right to forgive those who injure him, and no talk about his duty to society will change that feeling."

lege will always be able to guide a young student in those directions.—ANGELO PATRI, in his syndicated column.

GERMANS—Anti-Nazis

Members of the older upper classes in Germany who loathe Nazism, seek to escape from it not in flight or revolution, but in service with the army. This is well illustrated in the story of the German landowner from Poland who came to Berlin during the first winter of the war, declaring, "I am too ashamed of my country to live with it, so am going to join the air force in the hope of being killed for it."—JOSEPH C. HARSCH, *Germany at War*, (Foreign Policy Assn, \$.25).

GOVERNMENT—

Representative

The weakness of representative government lies in the fact that men differ in mental makeup and that no man can readily represent another man's mind—he cannot substitute for him.—DR. C. S. BLUEMEL, *The Banker and Financier*, 8-42.

INSURANCE—Problems

A soldier in the Netherlands Army in England received the following message from his wife through the Red Cross: "Tell me whether you are still alive, as I must pay your life insurance." —*Kickerbocker Weekly*, 8-10-'42.

News of the New

FOOD—Army; Fresh butter for troops in tropics now possible thru use of butteroil and skim milk powder. Ingredients mixed and poured into cold water. Butter globules form and may be worked up like churned variety. Airtight package prevents spoilage of butteroil.

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Botanists say there'll be a new pollen this fall to harass the hay fever victims. It's the *kochia scoparia*, called the "fireball" or "burning bush." Unknown outside Asia until a couple of years ago, when it suddenly showed up in Colorado, Nebraska, Iowa. Last year it arrived in Chicago, and a few specimens were found around Detroit. By now, they say, it's pretty well entrenched. Effect on a hay fever sufferer is something like a handful of pepper in a cat's nose

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PROCESS: Condensed moisture which clouds lenses of goggles, gas masks, etc., now combatted by patented treatment which causes surface of panes to absorb moisture, spread droplets in uniform transparent layer.

" "

PRODUCTION: Emphasizing point that they are "soldiers of production", 1500 employees of Paraffine Cos., Inc. enter plant daily thru "front-line" trench made of sandbags, barbed wire, etc.

" "

SURGERY: Surgeon can now light up your body with internal glow. Light reveals important data on where and when to operate. Glow is produced by fluorescein, a common drug, which fluoresces under ultra-violet light. Most important, perhaps, in major abdominal operations, light reveals tissues which have lost most of their blood supply. In ordinary light, such tissues cannot be distinguished but fluorescent glow appears only where carried by circulating blood. Thus dead tissues are immediately spotted.

" "

VITAMINS: Para amino benzoic acid, the product recently in the news as partial cure for grey hair, is now marked as the "sun tan" vitamin. Tests indicate that this vitamin absorbs the ultra-violet or sunburn rays. It can be used either in a cream, to protect skin against sunburn, while giving a tan; or, if injected by a needle into the skin, it causes real sunburn.

LIFE—In Wartime

When you have to keep your back to the wall and your ear to the ground . . . your shoulder to the wheel and your nose to the grindstone . . . your head level and both feet on the ground—you're not a contortionist; you're just like the rest of us.—*Phoenix Flame*.

OPPORTUNISM

A member of Queen Wilhelmina's entourage tells this story—of a loyal Dutch couple in Amsterdam, in whose house a Nazi officer was billeted. While the husband went out to seek a job, the officer told the wife: "Give me some dinner." . . . "But I have no food," she informed him. . . . The officer pointed to the picture of Queen Wilhelmina on the wall and suggested:

"Why don't you put a picture of Hitler there? Then you'll get food." . . . That night when the husband returned he asked for dinner and she served him large portions of newly acquired vegetables. He then looked up and noticed that the Queen's picture was gone and Hitler's picture substituted. "Who's that?" asked the husband. . . . "Oh, that," she answered. "That's our new grocer."—LEONARD LYONS, in his syndicated column.

" . . . bad little men"

"But if you meet Japanese infantry led by a continental officer, commence firing early and often and at the longest ranges compatible with getting at them. They are bad little men who know too much."—RUDYARD KIPLING, in his travel book, *From Sea to Sea*, written in 1888.

PERSONALITY

Personality is a person among persons. There is no personality of one man on a desert island.—KILPATRICK.

PRODUCTION—Importance

And if our lines should form and break,
Because of things you failed to make—
The extra tank or ship or plane
For which we waited all in vain,
And the supplies that never came
Will you then come and take the blame?
For we, not you, will pay the cost
Of battles you, not we, have lost.
—Written by an American Marine
"somewhere" on the Pacific.



Dept of Commerce anticipates 20 per cent of retailers will be forced out of business in next six to nine months, thru shortage of consumer goods. Now studying plans to concentrate business with fewer outlets; prevent great number of bankruptcies. Most likely plan: a composition of debts under court supervision. Several merchants pool stocks, one of the number remaining in business, and paying creditors as merchandise is turned into money. It is assumed that all merchants and clerks thus released can be employed in war industries.

Reports from abroad are that men in the AEF don't care much for the new V-mail. They say microfilming delays their mail; that the gov't form is too small; dislike the idea of writing private matters "on an open billboard" . . . Newest of feminine groups is the WHACS—Women's Harvest Auxiliary Corps, launched last week in Georgia.

Thousands of soldiers are to be trained in Detroit war plants—so they will be better able to service Detroit-made tanks and guns in the field. Some hint presence of soldiers may be healthy deterrent to labor disturbances. On this point, no comment from management or labor.

Lt-Gen Eisenhower gave the name "Rangers" to the American unit trained with British commandos. Named to honor Roger's Rangers of pre-revolution French and Indian war.

It's a map war! Now, even corporals have their marked maps. To meet increased demand, War Dep't is installing world's first press to print 7 colors simultaneously by offset. . . You've heard of jeeps and peeps, but Army bikes are now known as creeps. . . Harvard is first college to offer course in guerrilla warfare. . . WAAC will use women doctors; induction soon. . . New enlistment slogan for Navy; "Join the Navy and give the Japs their half of the ocean—the bottom half!"

SAFETY—Safe Driving

Gone Hollywood, the Fresno, Calif., police let each inebriated driver convict himself. Pictures of his clumsy gestures are taken when he is arrested. After sobering in the cooler, the miscreant attends a preview of his screen test. That usually convinces him to plead guilty, thus saving the court prosecution costs.—*The Lamp*, mag of Standard Oil Co of N. J.

**Labor**

Great thoughts hallow any labor. If the ditcher muse the while how he may live uprightly, the ditching spade and turf knife may be engaged on the coat-of-arms of his posterity.—HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

SALESMANSHIP

Sampson was a piker; he killed only a thousand men with the jaw-bone of an ass. Every hour in the day, ten thousand sales are killed with the same weapon.

SCIENCE—Potentialities

Michael Faraday, English chemist and physicist, replied to a lady who asked him what use there was in the brilliant discovery he had just made:

"Madam, can you tell me the use of a new-born baby?"

SILENCE—Slogan

Don't be a Gaboteur. One sure way to assist sabotage is indulgence in blabotage.—Kodak house organ.

TAXES—Income

Our Income Tax's greedy maw

Ben Franklin could have scarce discerned,

Or else he would have made the saw—

"A dollar saved is a penny earned."

—*Threads*, mag of The Geometric Tool Co (Conn) Summer '42.

UNITED STATES—Melting Pot

There's a textile mill in Pennsylvania with an employee roll that's a

American Scene

"So long, Bill . . ."

Bill is WILLIAM H. PURCELL, Jr., son of N. HENSON PURCELL, managing editor of the DAILY AMERICAN, West Frankfort, Ill., from which we reprint this condensation of a Father's farewell to his soldier son:

Well, Bill, your number is up. You are going to the Army. There's a job of nasty, uncivilized business to be taken care of, and you have been assigned a part in it. Make the most of the Army, son. Be a soldier in every sense of the word.

The uniform that will shortly be issued to you stands for the high and noble principles upon which this nation was founded, and has since existed. It stands for freedom among men and nations; the right to live and the will to let live. It stands for humanity, civilization, Christianity.

It has never gone to war except in defense of the principles for which it stands. It has never gone on a rampage of conquest or oppression. That uniform, Bill, is the hope of 130,000,000 Americans. It is the hope of civilization. Wear it proudly.

I remember well that day, almost 24 years ago, when, while sitting in a lecture period at Camp Gordon, I was handed a telegram that announced that you had made me a father. . . . I remember every day of your life since that time. I shall watch—and pray—every anxious day for your safe return.

There are two things that I want to give you, Bill, as you go to join other fathers' sons in this business of killing.

perfect example of our melting pot Democracy.

Sorting is done by an American

Carding is done by an Italian

Spinning is done by a Swede

Drawing is done by a Scot

Weaving is done by a Belgian

Inspection is done by a Frenchman

Scouring is done by an Albanian

Dying is done by a Turk

Pressing is done by a Pole

Supervision is done by an Irishman
And what do they make? American
Flags!

One is a khaki-covered textbook on military methods. Peruse its pages and try to master the art of being a good soldier. It may not bring you promotions and high honors, for there are, in the army, after all, more mere men than anything else. But it will bring to you the satisfaction of doing well whatever you do.

The other, also khaki-covered, is a Bible. Don't feel that to take it is being a sissy. There will no doubt be times when just to hold it in your hand will bring a mysterious comfort. I confess that I read it but little when I was in uniform. Yet there were times when its nearness — the knowledge that it stood the test of all time and countless other wars—seemed to sort of satisfy my longing and homesickness for peaceful ways of life that had been disrupted by war.

Take them, Bill, and use them. Come back from the Army a better man than when you left. There is, you know, a personal as well as a national victory to be won.

Seems a bit silly, doesn't it, to send you away with a gun in one hand, and a Bible in the other. There's no explanation, except that the gun appears, for the present, to be necessary to our national security. The Bible has ever been our hope of eternal security.

Learn to use the gun, Bill, but rely, finally, upon the Bible.

And may the Good Lord speed the day when we shall thank Him for peace and a safe homecoming.

So long, Bill.

WOMEN—In Industry

In Parliament recently Austin Hopkinson was criticizing the government for placing women on Committees of Production. "What do women know about production?" he snapped. Up rose pretty Mrs. Tate.

"I would have thought," she said amiably, "that women know quite a lot about production."

Hopkinson missed the point entirely but the House didn't and gave her an appreciative cheer.—ADELPH, "London Calling", *The Financial Post*,

GENS FROM Yesteryear

The Gold Louis

This is one of those "moral pieces" the elocutionists were fond of reciting at the turn of the century. No one seems to know who wrote it, or when. Lucien de Hem, ruined at cards, wanders the streets on Christmas Eve. Beside the monumental door of a palace, he finds a little girl, in rags, asleep. Debating whether to awaken the child and give her a gold louis some passerby had dropped in her shoe, he yields, instead, to the temptation of the gaming table. At the club, he stakes all on the turn of a card. Fortune favors. Hours later, he returns to the scene, his pockets bulging with bank notes, won with the child's coin.

"Thank God!" he cried, "the child is still there!" He seized her by the hand.

"Ah, how cold she is, poor little one!"

As he lifted her in his arms, the child's head fell back limp, and she did not awaken. Vaguely anxious, he was about to kiss her lids to draw her from this heavy slumber, when he saw with terror that the child's eyes were half open, showing glassy pupils. With a terrible suspicion, Lucien brushed her lips with his own, and no breath came from them. While Lucien had been winning a fortune with the louis stolen from her, this little beggar had died—died from cold.

His throat contracted in awful agony, he tried to cry out—and in the effort he awoke from a nightmare on the bench of his club, where he had fallen asleep before midnight, and had been left undisturbed by the valet.

A misty December dawn was peering through the panes. Lucien went out, pawned his watch, bathed, breakfasted, then went to the recruiting office, where he enlisted in the First African Chasseurs.

Lucien de Hem is now a lieutenant; he lives on his small pay and never touches a card.

It appears that he saves something, too, for not long ago, in Algiers, he was seen by a brother officer giving alms to a little Spanish beggar, asleep under a doorway. Curious, the officer looked at the coin. Lucien had put a gold louis into the child's hand.

Good Stories YOU CAN USE...

Little Willie, exhibiting his skill in riding a new bicycle, came down the street in front of his home: "Look, Mama!" he cried, folding his arms, "no hands!"

Again, he came into view, this time coasting, with his feet off the pedals: "Look, Mama! no feet!"

Half an hour passed and Little Willie again put in his appearance. This time, somewhat subdued, he gurgled: "Look, Mama! no teeth!"

held his knife and called his cook from the kitchen.

"Sam, didn't I tell you I wanted a domestic corn-fed bird?"

"Yah, suh, yah suh—dat am a domestic corn-fed bird."

"Well, then," said the Colonel, "how about this shot here and there?"

"Well, suh," said Sam shuffling from one foot to the other, "yah see, suh, that shot were meant for me."

—The Rotarian.

"I LAUGHED AT THIS ONE"

CONSTANTIN ALAJALOV
Artist and Illustrator

A Nazi officer was sitting in a cafe in Paris, and wishing to be sociable he addressed himself to a Frenchman sitting nearby. "Aren't you bored with this war, and won't you be happy when it's all over?"

"Indeed, yes," replied the Frenchman.

"And what will you do after the war?"

"I shall go to the country and fish and fish and fish the rest of my life," was the Parisian's answer.

"That's wonderful," said the Nazi pleasantly, "I also am bored with the war and after it is over I shall buy a bicycle, and one beautiful morning will start off to bicycle all over the Greater Reich."

Also pleasantly, the Frenchman asked, "And what will you do that afternoon?"

"Sam," said the Colonel to his Negro cook, "I'm having special company on Thursday and I want your best turkey dinner. Now, none of your wild fowl. Get me a domestic, corn-fed turkey. Do you understand?"

"Yah, suh, yah, suh," replied Sam. Came the festive affair. Placed before the Colonel was a beautiful done-to-perfection turkey. He was pleased until he had made the first cut. Then he frowned. Then a second cut. He

A young colored man stopped a policeman and asked the way to the Court House. He explained that he had received his draft card and was supposed to take a physical examination there that morning. The policeman directed him to the building. Later in the day he met the same youth and asked him how he came out on the examination. The boy grinned happily.

"Ah's all set now, Ah reckon. They told me Ah's entirely physical and that all Ah has to do now is to wait to be muscled into the army."

WISECRACKS of the Week

When you meet a new person nowadays you look at his tires instead of his teeth.—RED SKELTON.

" " The Germans have ordered all copies of Shakespeare's work to be pulped. Before the war they acclaimed him as a true Aryan dramatist but now they're discovered he isn't really Hitlerature.—ANSICERS.

" " Since candidates in the rationed states were allowed extra gas for their campaigning it was suspected that a lot of them announced for office just for the ride.—Pathfinder.

" " In the present crisis it's hard not to compare Gandhi's spinning wheel with Nero's fiddle.—The Christian Science Monitor.

